THE MUSICAL LADY.

A FARCE.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

Ridetur, Chordâ *quæ semper oberrat eâdem.* Hor.

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PROLOGUE
UPON
PROLOGUES.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

And, 'egad, it will do for any other Play, as well as this. BAYES.

A old trite Proverb let me quote!
—As is your cloth, ſo cut your coat.——
To ſuit our Author, *and his* Farce,
Short *let me be! for wit is ſcarce.*
Nor would I ſhew it, had I any;
The reaſons why are ſtrong and many.
Should I have wit, the piece have none,
A flaſh in pan with empty gun,
The piece is ſure to be undone.
A tavern with a gaudy ſign,
Whoſe buſh is better than the wine,
May cheat you once——Will that device,
NEAT AS IMPORTED, *cheat you twice?*

PROLOGUE.

'Tis wrong to raiſe your expectations:
Poets, be dull in Dedications!
Dullneſs in theſe to wit prefer——
But there *indeed you ſeldom err.*
In Prologues, Prefaces, be flat!
A ſilver button ſpoils your hat.
A threadbare coat might jokes eſcape,
Did not the blockheads lace the cape.
A caſe in point to this before ye,
Allow me, pray, to tell a ſtory!

To turn the penny, once, a wit
Upon a curious fancy hit:
Hung out a board, on which he boaſted
Dinner for THREEPENCE! Boil'd and roaſted!
The hungry read, and in they trip
With eager eye, and ſmacking lip:
"Here! Bring this Boil'd and Roaſted, pray!"
—Enter POTATOES——*dreſt* each way.
All ſtar'd and roſe, the houſe forſook,
And damn'd the Dinner——kick'd the Cook.
My landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly,
There was no joking with the belly.

Theſe facts laid down, then thus I reaſon,
——Wit in a Prologue's out of ſeaſon.

Yet

PROLOGUE.

Yet ſtill will you for jokes ſit watching,
Like Cock-lane *folks for* Fanny's *ſcratching.*
And here my ſimile's ſo fit!
For Prologues *are but* Ghoſts *of wit;*
Which mean to ſhew their art and ſkill,
And ſcratch *you to their author's will.*

In ſhort, for reaſons great and ſmall,
'Tis better to have none at all.
Prologues *and* Ghoſts,——*a paltry trade!*
So let 'em both at once be laid!
Say but the word,——give your commands,——
We'll tie OUR *Prologue-monger's hands.*
Confine theſe culprits! [holding up his hands] *bind 'em tight,*
Nor Girls *can* ſcratch, *nor* Fools *can* write.

PERSONS.

PERSONS.

OLD MASK,	Mr. YATES.
MASK,	Mr. KING.
FREEMAN,	Mr. PACKER.
ROSIN,	Mr. FOX.
SERVANT,	Mr. WATKINS.
SOPHY,	Miſs POPE.
Lady SCRAPE,	Mrs. BENNET.
LAUNDRESS,	Mrs. BRADSHAW.

The *Trio* ſung by

Mrs. VINCENT, Miſs YOUNG, and Mr. CHAMPNES.

THE MUSICAL LADY.

A FARCE.

****

ACT I.

Scene MASK's *Chambers.*

——*Clock ſtrikes Eleven.*

Enter MASK *in a ſhabby diſhabille, as coming from an inner room.*

MASK, as counting the hour.

EIGHT,——nine,——ten,——eleven.——Paſt eleven by the Temple clock, and no news of Freeman yet!——And that old beldam of a laundreſs!—I expected to have heard her great ruſty key turning in the lock two hours ago.—To go to So-

phy's in this trim is impoſſible.——And if I break my appointment, I am out of her good graces for ever. [*Knocking within.*] Hiſt.——Hark! ſomebody at the door!—[*Knocking within.*] A ſneaking ſingle tap!—That can never be Freeman.—A dun, ten to one!—Shall I anſwer? [*Knocking.*] Again! How ſhould they find me out here?—But perhaps it may be a meſſage from Freeman.——I'll try. ——[*Going to the door and aſſuming a feigned voice*] Who's there?

LAUNDRESS *within.*

Me, your honour!

MASK.

Me! you old hag! [*Letting her in*] Where the duce have you been all morning? Where's your key?—Why did not you let yourſelf in?—Have you called at Nando's?

LAUNDRESS.

Yes, your honour!

MASK.

Any letters?

LAUNDRESS.

Yes, Sir——here's one, they ſay, has lain in the bar theſe three days. [*Giving a letter.*

MASK.

Any meſſage? or, has any body been there to enquire for me?

LAUNDRESS.

O yes, your honour. A world of folks, to enquire for you:——there has been your taylor, and

and linen-draper, and ſhoemaker, and the ſtocking man in Broad court, and the milliner at the Temple gate; have all been at the coffee-houſe to aſk after you.

MASK.

What have we here? More plagues?

[*Reading the letter.*

"SIR, *Clifford's Inn.*

"Mr. William Rummer, maſter of the Mitre, "has deſired me to acquaint you, that if the in- "cloſed bill, amounting to ſixty-three pounds, five "ſhillings, and ſixpence halfpenny, is not paid "within this week, he muſt endeavour to recover "it by courſe of law; wherefore I hope you will "take care to ſatisfy his demands, in order to pre- "vent further trouble from

"Your humble Servant,

"ANTONY CAPIAS."

Well ſaid, maſter Capias.—Sixty-three pounds, five ſhillings, and ſixpence halfpenny! a pretty ſum!—and if the odd halfpenny would purchaſe the three kingdoms, I am not worth it.——A couple of ſcoundrels, with their bills and their letters!—ſo—ſo—— [*Tearing the bill and the letter.*

Are you ſure there was no other meſſage?—ne'er another letter left for me at the coffee-houſe?

LAUNDRESS.

Very ſure, your honour.

MASK.

Then my note was not carried to Mr. Freeman's, I am poſitive.

LAUNDRESS.

Indeed it was, ſir!—I am ſartin it was.—For my huſband told me as how he had delivered it into the gentleman's French gentleman's own hand himſelf.

MASK.

Very ſtrange, I ſhould hear nothing of him! Sure he would not neglect me.——Was ever poor fellow in ſuch a diſtreſt ſituation?—A woman of fortune ready to run into my arms,—and without money, cloaths, or clean linen to pay her a viſit!

LAUNDRESS.

Ah! Heaven bleſs your honour! if you had but ſome of thoſe broider'd cloaths, and rings, and watches, and ſwords, and fine linen, that I have carried to the Three Blue Balls in Fetter Lane, for your honour, you might be dreſt out as fine as a lord. That you might,—and we had but a trifle, as a body may ſay, upon them neither.—

MASK.

Confound the Blue Balls!——I would pawn myſelf now to raiſe five guineas.——Every thing is at ſtake.——

LAUNDRESS.

Lack-a day now, how unluckily matters fall out! I have known the time I could have contrived to have lent you ever ſo many cloaths, and curious linen of ſome of my other maſters—and to be ſure, there's his honour 'ſquire What d'ye call him, the Weſt India gentleman, has a power of fine cloaths, all over gold and ſilver,——but then all his things have been carried to young madam's lodgings in Hart-ſtreet, and he has not been near chambers

theſe

theſe three weeks.——I have no other gentleman in town but 'ſquire Mac George, and he has no handſome cloaths——except the coat with ſilver button holes, and he wears that every day himſelf.—As for my other maſter, Mr. Bareſield,—poor gentleman, I don't reckon him——for he has but one ſhirt in the world of his own—and that's marked W. M.

MASK.

'Sdeath! what luck———To forfeit my hopes when I am within an ace of ſucceſs———To be the very next ticket to the ten thouſand pounds! ———To ſcrew her muſical heart juſt into right tune, and then to have the ſtrings ſnap under one's fingers for want of a little roſin!—What can I do? [*loud knocking without.*]

Ha! here he is, I dare ſay———Go to the door ——— but if it is any body but Mr. Freeman, I am not at home———not in town———You know nothing of me, d'ye hear? [*Retiring.*]

LAUNDRESS.

I warrant your honour.

[*Opens the door———Enter* FREEMAN.

MASK.

[*Coming forward*]——O my dear Freeman! is it you? ———I have been on thorns for fear you ſhould not come.

[*Laundreſs retires into the inner chamber.*]

FREEMAN.

Come! I have been in ſearch of you this hour—and thought I ſhould have been obliged to go back again

again without ſeeing you———I have been into every nook and corner of the Temple———ran through twenty windings and turnings—and courts, and lanes, and blind alleys—and then up as many ſtairs, as if I had been going to the top of the Monument.

MASK.

Why I have changed the ſcene a little ſince I ſaw you laſt, to be ſure——Elegant chambers! Freeman ———I have them ready furniſhed, you ſee——

FREEMAN.

Won't the old gentleman be extremely ſurprized at the vaſt progreſs you've made in the law?

MASK.

My father! prodigiouſly ſurprized———And I expect him in town every day———But no matter ———For in all my diſtreſs, Freeman, I am happy, and even ſucceſsful———My affair with Sophy goes on ſwimmingly.

FREEMAN.

'Pſha, is that all? ——— A Muſical Lady! I would as ſoon take the Savoyard girl for a wife, with no other portion than her cymbal.

MASK.

Ay, but my miſtreſs's lyre is ſtrung with gold, you know. Thirty thouſand in her own diſpoſal! Beſides, I dare ſay this paſſion for muſic is but one of the irregular appetites of virginity: You hardly ever knew a lady ſo devoted to her harpſichord, but ſhe ſuffered it to go out of tune after matrimony.

FREE-

FREEMAN.

This is all mighty pretty in theory——But even ſuppoſing that you can ſo eaſily reconcile yourſelf to all her airs and crotchets, I ſee very little proſpect of her being ſo enamoured of you.

MASK.

To the very brink of deſperation and matrimony.

FREEMAN.

What! marry you? She never will, depend on it.

MASK.

O you're miſtaken——You have too high an opinion of her underſtanding, and too mean a one of mine. Sophy is like one of her own inſtruments: It requires ſome ſkill to manage her, I confeſs. But I am a connoiſſeur in the art, and know every one of her ſtops.

FREEMAN.

Her ſtops? ha! ha!——That would be a mighty pretty conceit, if you was to carry on your courtſhip in muſic.

MASK.

And why not? Love, perhaps, may as well be ſung as ſaid, and is hardly more ridiculous one way than the other; not to mention that it is the only way of ſucceeding with Sophy. It is true indeed that notwithſtanding her rage after the gamut, ſhe knows little more of muſic than I do; yet I am ſo well convinced of the violence of her attachment to every thing that is Muſical and Italian, that I ſhould hardly be ſurprized at her marriage with one of the *Sopranos* at the opera.

FREE-

FREEMAN.

Ay,——but as I take it, Maſk, you have no opera talents. You can neither ſing, play, nor talk Italian.

MASK.

No———but I can admire a fine finger, and be in raptures at an air or a chorus; and as for Italian, I have juſt gleaned enough of the language to ſprinkle my converſation with it, as readily as many a faſhionable coxcomb, who has made the tour of Italy.

FREEMAN.

So your principal recommendations are neceſſity and the *bon front*——Hey! George! — Well, ſucceſs attend you!

MASK.

I tell you, I am ſure of her. I have made ſome pretty intelligible overtures to her already, which have been received not unfavourably. I have played off the complete virtuoſo upon her, and ſhe ſuppoſes me to be very lately returned from Rome. I have been thrown into raptures and muſical extaſies———and cried out *bravo! divino!* and *ancora!* louder than herſelf. But that which, I plainly perceive, weighs moſt with her is a ridiculous propoſal I have made to carry her over to Italy directly after our marriage. In ſhort, I have touched the principal ſtring, the maſter key of her ſoul. Nay, ſhe has even declared that I am a *bell' cavaliero*, and a perſon of infinite *guſto*———What do you think of that, Freeman?

FREEMAN.

Why, I think the only thing you have to do is to follow her up with ſpirit.

MASK.

MASK.

And ſo I have——nay I have even gone ſo far, as to frighten her with the apprehenſions of loſing me.

FREEMAN.

A dreadful ſentence!——But how?

MASK.

By a pretended match with a lady in the country, which, I have told her, my father is determined to force me into; and that I expect him in town every day to conclude the buſineſs with his counſel.

FREEMAN.

Make haſte then, and conclude your own buſineſs with her before he really arrives. Why don't you viſit her?

MASK.

Viſit her! So I have again and again. I am honoured with her particular commands for this very morning: and did not doubt of making this my laſt viſit. —But ſome ſmall impediments, I was afraid, would have prevented my waiting on her.——For this week paſt, my affairs have been, as you may perceive, in ſome little confuſion——I, you ſee, am rather in diſhabille.——

FREEMAN.

Ha, ha, ha! This is, altogether, as droll an amour, and as whimſical a piece of courtſhip, as ever I heard of.

MASK.

So much the better. The oddity of it charms me. I hate your Strephons and Chloes, your ſen-

timental lovers, ſighing and languiſhing for two years together.

FREEMAN.

Well—but your commands for me!———Tell me in two words,—What is it you want?———

MASK.

In two words then———every thing.

FREEMAN.

I'm glad on't.

MASK.

How ſo?

FREEMAN.

Becauſe every thing in my power is entirely at your ſervice.

MASK.

My beſt Freeman!

FREEMAN.

Come then——Away with me this inſtant, or you'll be too late——You ſhall dreſs for your part at my houſe, and ſee now that you play it with ſpirit.

MASK.

Never doubt it——Ten thouſand thanks, my dear Freeman! Some other circumſtances of this affair, as well as my conjugal plan, I'll acquaint you with, as we go along. I'll be with her in leſs than half an hour, and make love to ſome tune, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter LAUNDRESS, *from the inner Room, with a paper and a bottle.*

LAUNDRESS.

Ah, the times are ſadly changed with my poor maſter here!——I have known the day I could have carried things enow from chambers to keep my whole family. But now, if I was to take ſo much as an end of candle, poor Gentleman! he muſt go to bed in the dark. The only things I can find are theſe leavings of a quartern of Bohea, and the bottom of a bottle of rum.——Hard times for poor folks!——And yet, give him his due—he's a noble Gentleman, that I muſt ſay for him. When he has it, away it goes, and every body's the better for it. Ah, bleſs him, he is the nobleſt Maſter I ever had in my life. But theſe confounded gaming people cheat him of every thing.

[*Exit with the paper and bottle.*

SCENE, *a Room in* SOPHY's *Houſe.*

Enter SOPHY, *and Lady* SCRAPE.

SOPHY.

O *Piano*, my dear Lady Scrape, *Piano!*—The Opera is my darling amuſement, it's true. I am infinitely concerned at their diſcord———But I can never think of endeavouring to bring Signor *Staccato* and the dear *Caprice* to an accommodation on ſuch mean conditions.

LADY SCRAPE.

Mean conditions!——Surely, ſurely, Miſs Sophy, a ſalary of a thouſand pounds——with an

agreement to provide her a houſe ready furniſhed—to keep her a coach—and a French cook—and a Romiſh chaplain into the bargain, are no ſuch deſpicable offers for one ſeaſon's performance.——And as to Signor *Staccato*, the terms propoſed are——

SOPHY.

Nothing to what they have had abroad. Are not they the praiſe and admiration of all Europe?——Were not they loaded with preſents by all the Nobles at Venice?——Univerſally careſſed at Naples——entertained in the moſt ſumptuous manner by the Prince of Wittemberg, taken under the immediate protection of the Empreſs at Vienna, admired at Paris, adored at Bruſſels——and treated with the utmoſt reſpect in every country but our own?——O the Goths and Vandals!

LADY SCRAPE.

Pardon me, Miſs Sophy! theſe performers, I believe, have been no where better received, or met with more encouragement. Signor Ela, the director, my Lord and Lady Minum, Myſelf, Madam, and many other Subſcribers to the Opera, think the conditions offered at leaſt equal to their merit.

SOPHY.

Oh, their merit is above all recompence. They are a perfect treaſure of taſte and *vertu!* O the dear Caprice!——Such cadences! ſuch *ſoſtenutos!*——and her graces, ſhakes, ſlurs, and *trilloes*——raviſhing beyond expreſſion!——And then Signor Staccato's execution! What enchanting tones?—what a noble *forte!*——what a tender *piano!* and ſuch

ſuch amazing *harpegiaturas!* The very ſoul of harmony ſeems to breathe from the inſtrument.

LADY SCRAPE.

Their merit ought indeed to be very extraordinary, to come in the leaſt degree of compariſon with their inſolence.

SOPHY.

Inſolence! your Ladyſhip knows they are incapable of it.

LADY SCRAPE.

I wiſh I did, Madam! Has not the Caprice more than once affronted the whole town? Has not ſhe diſappointed them in the groſſeſt manner—and refuſed to ſing even on the Opera-nights?

SOPHY.

Accident and indiſpoſition. *Voi amanti*, &c. [*Humming a tune with affected indifference.*

LADY SCRAPE.

And has not Signor Staccato laid by the compoſitions of the beſt Maſters for the ſake of his own *concertos?*

SOPHY.

Raviſhing *concertos!*

LADY SCRAPE.

And has not he at laſt thrown the whole Orcheſtra into diſorder and confuſion?

SOPHY.

Reſentment and great provocation! La—la—la—la, &c. [*Humming.*

LA-

LADY SCRAPE.

Nay is it not notorious to the whole world, Madam, that their inſolence is owing merely to the great encouragement they have received, and that they depend entirely———

SOPHY.

Moderato! moderato! Madam—— Your Ladyſhip's abſolutely in *alt.*

LADY SCRAPE.

In *Alt!* Madam?

SOPHY.

Yes, in *Alt*——Give me leave to tell your Ladyſhip that you have raiſed your voice a full Octave higher ſince you came into the room. But to no purpoſe——The director of the Opera, and the Opera itſelf, ſhall ſuffer for it——Signor Staccato and the Caprice ſhall perform no where but in my houſe, and thoſe of a few other perſons of *Guſto*——Nay, we'll have a Concert every Opera-night——every Opera-night, Madam———

LADY SCRAPE.

Mighty well! Madam.

SOPHY.

Which will demoliſh his entertainment, and ruin his ſubſcription.

LADY SCRAPE.

O you may find yourſelf deceived, Madam—— Signor *Ela*, and thoſe of the Nobility, who intereſt themſelves in this affair, are not without reſources —A foreign miniſter's Lady has ſent over for hands and voices ſuperior to *your friends*, Madam —be-

——beſides, Madam, let me tell you, that Signora Trebletti is recovered of her cold; yes, Madam, Signora Trebletti is recovered of her cold,—and we don't doubt of providing a moſt exquiſite Opera without the aſſiſtance of either Signor Staccato or the Caprice. [*Exit.*

SOPHY.

Oh the Tramontane creature!——But I'll not ſuffer her to diſconcert the harmony of my temper——Here, Signor Roſini——

Enter ROSIN.

Give me the Viol-di-Gambo——a leſſon on the Baſs will compoſe my mind [*Tunes the inſtrument, and turns over ſeveral pieces of muſic.*] Well, I declare now this little Venetian ballad-tune, which Mr. Maſk has brought over with him, is ſet with an infinite deal of taſte—— and there is a moſt ſprightly *extravaganza* in the words he has adapted to it——Signor Roſini, pleaſe to take the inſtrument——I'll go over this air——and do you accompany me on the Viol-di-Gambo.

SONG.

Love's a ſweet and ſoft Muſician,
Who derives his ſkill from thee,
Plays on every diſpoſition,
Strikes the ſoul on ev'ry key.

Deep Deſpair now thrums *Adagio*,
Lively Hope now ſounds *Corragio*.
——O the raviſhing tranſition!
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Madam, the man is below with the Monica.

SOPHY.

The what?

SERVANT.

I forgot the name, Ma'am——but it is a ſet of muſical glaſſes, that you beſpoke laſt week.

SOPHY.

O, the *Armonica*. I am raviſhed to hear it—Bid the Monica come up———Poor fellow!——And d'ye hear——tell them to get every thing ready for a Concert in the hall this morning——And d'ye hear, I am at home to nobody but Mr. Maſk——And bid them lay the Guittar and the Viol d'amor on the Harpſichord——I ſhall make uſe of them both——[*Exit Servant.*] Signor Roſini!——will you be ſo good as to look over the ſcores———and ſee that the inſtruments are in tune——and every thing in order———I expect a great Virtuoſo this morning——a complete judge of compoſition——and a perfect maſter of the *Contra-punto*———So, pray be careful! [*Exit Roſin.*

I am aſtoniſhed Mr. Maſk is not come yet——well, I ſwear, he's a charming creature——He hits my uniſon to a miracle——If he did but ſing he would be a moſt complete Virtuoſo. [*Sings.*] I proteſt I am quite in voice to-day—[*Sings.*] Lord, I wiſh he was here———I ſhall abſolutely raviſh him.

[*Exit ſinging.*

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE, SOPHY's *Houſe.*

Enter SOPHY, *and* MASK.

SOPHY.

NAY, now, I am ſure you flatter me——Is my ſtile ſo truly Italian? Have I quite got rid of the horrid Engliſh cadence?

MASK.

Let me die, Madam, if your whole converſation and behaviour do not make me fancy myſelf in Italy——Signora Lorenza at Florence was the very type of you.

SOPHY.

Well, I ſwear now, you are almoſt the only creature one meets with in this barbarous country that has the leaſt taſte.——Our travelling gentry either return from the tour of Europe as mere Engliſh boors as they went—John Trot ſtill—or come home at beſt mere French *petit-maitres.*——But as to Italy, not one of them but Signor *Maſquali*——*Maſquali!*—How very ſoft and prettily that ſounds now!——You muſt give me leave to call you *Maſquali*—inſtead of plain Maſk,—with a vile Engliſh *K* in it——Oh fie—it might as well have been an *X*——a perſon that has any ear can't endure it.

MASK.

Maſquali!—The moſt beautiful refinement in the world! But now I think of it, your name, Ma-

dam, may admit of ſome improvement too. Sophy is, to be ſure, the prettieſt of Engliſh names;—— yet it is too near Molly, and Betſy, and Bridget, and Alice, to diſtinguiſh you. What d'ye think I would wiſh to call you?

SOPHY.

I long to know———What?

MASK.

I would call you then——I am ſure you'll like it—THE SOPHINI.

SOPHY.

THE SOPHINI!———I am pleaſed with it prodigiouſly—the ſweeteſt *concetto!—The Sophini!*—— But pray, Signor,—for I will call you Signor—was not you charmed at the *concerto* laſt week?—*The Caprice* was amazing, and great beyond expreſſion in the ſong of *Fonti Amiche.* [*Singing.*

MASK.

The ſtile of that air was excellent. The *chromatico*—I remember.———But pray now, tell me truly, [*taking her tenderly by the hand*]—were there not ſome ſtrokes of your compoſition in it?—— I know all the Virtuoſi conſult you on theſe occaſions———I thought I could diſcern your manner.—Come, confeſs, I am ſure it was ſo.—

SOPHY.

Nay, now—P'ſhah—you know that I never—and yet———[*ſmiling and languiſhing.*]—You have an infinite deal of taſte—you have indeed——— I was always reckoned remarkable for the *chromatico.* [*conceitedly.*

MASK.

MASK.

That air was raviſhing. But you muſt oblige me with it yourſelf.

SOPHY.

What—after the *Caprice?*—not for the world.—

MASK.

I ſhall die if you refuſe me. [*tenderly.*

SOPHY.

Lard!——How can you be ſo troubleſome? [*languiſhing*] Stay!—(*la-la-la-la* [*as tuning*] Lord, how hoarſe I am!—I have a moſt terrible cold.——Come, begin! [*to the muſick*] but pray be careful of the *accompagnimenti. Adagio, ma non troppo.* [*ſings an Italian air.*

Fonti amiche,
Aure leggiere,
Mormorando,
Suſſurrando,
Voi mi dite,
Che io godro.

During the ſong Maſk *exclaims*

Divino! ſquiſito! braviſſimo! &c.——

SOPHY.

And you really think it is ſet prettily. [*conceitedly*]

MASK.

Delightfully!—*con amore,* Madam—and ſung——O heavens!

SOPHY.

O, you're too good to me——And yet, ha! ha!—And yet, I hope it is a little better than the horrid Engliſh ballad-ſinging.

MASK.

Engliſh ballad-ſinging!——O the ridiculous idea!——To hear a huge fellow with a rough horrible voice roaring out, *O the roaſt beef of old England!* Or a pale faced chit of a girl, when ſome country neighbour aſks her in company, "Pray "Ma'am, could you favour us with *Go Roſe!*" "No Sir, not that, but another if you pleaſe;" and then begins ſcreaming, *If love's a ſweet paſſion*, ſqualling to the antient Britiſh melody of the bag-pipe, the Welch harp, and the dulcimer.

SOPHY.

Horrible! ha! ha! ha! horrible!——What a picture of Engliſh taſte!——Oh——the people here are all downright Goths.

MASK.

Abſolute ſavages——An Engliſh catch, a Scotch jigg, and an Iriſh howl are all their ideas of harmony——Their voices are a ſcale of diſcord ——Muſick——oh——muſick flouriſhes no where but in Italy.

SOPHY.

O raviſhing Italy!——I'd give the world to be there——'Tis a heaven upon earth——the land of *Guſto*, *Vertù* and *Felicità*.

MASK.

Oh! what would I give to have the happineſs of tranſporting ſo ineſtimable a treaſure, as *the Sophini*,

to

to that region of taſte!——Suffer me to renew the ſuit I have ſo often urged to you!———Let me, nay you muſt let me, attend you thither.

SOPHY.

Nay——prithee now———[*languiſhing*]

MASK.

Such taſte! ſuch voice! ſuch execution! Heavens, Madam! you would be the admiration of all the *Conoſcenti*———Nay, tho' a Lady, I make no doubt but you would receive honours from the Academy *della Cruſca*.

SOPHY.

Lord!——I proteſt now——You put me quite into confuſion———For heaven's ſake———

MASK.

O ſee me at your feet!———Take pity on me! ———upon yourſelf!———Conſider my riſk of loſing you by that horrid country-match I told you of!———Fly, O, let us fly from this Gothic country, and take refuge in Italy!———and permit your *Maſquali* to attend you as your faithful *Ciciſbei*.——

SOPHY.

Let me beg, Sir!———

MASK.

Take him for your humble *Cicerone*, to ſhew you the beauties of the place———

SOPHY.

Pray now!———

MASK.

Your *Nomenclatore* to introduce you to the Virtuoſi———

SOPHY.

How can you be ſo?———

MASK.

MASK.

Take him——I won't ſhock your ear with the Engliſh ſound of Huſband——but what is more ſoft and tender——Take him for your *ſpoſo!*——your *caro ſpoſo.*

SOPHY.

Lord! this is ſo ſtrange——But ſtay! let me order Roſini to get the band in order!——You have not had the muſick I promiſed you this morning.

MASK.

Oh, I am too impatient to delay my ſupreme happineſs on any conſideration. We can have the muſick afterwards.

SOPHY.

Afterwards? *Signor?* [*ſomewhat angrily.*

MASK.

Yes, my dear Sophini, afterwards. And then, you know, it may ſerve for a wedding concert——We may have it by way of a *concerto nuttiale*——, What d'ye think of that?

SOPHY.

A *concerto nuttiale!* Oh heavens! I am tranſported with the thought——To have the ſingular pleaſure of celebrating my marriage with a *Paſticcio*, made up of the choiceſt pieces of my own compoſition!——What could inſpire you with ſo divine an imagination?——The very idea abſolutely overcomes me.

MASK.

MASK.

And you conſent to make me happy——— Come then! my ſoul is on the wing———Let us away this inſtant!———

SOPHY.

What can I do?———Well———after all——— there is ſomething ſo tender———ſo *affettuoſo* in your manner!———O you wicked creature!——— I wiſh I could refuſe you?

MASK.

O the muſic of that ſound! O *cara! cara!*

[*Kiſſing her hand.*

SOPHY.

But on condition that we go directly to Italy.

MASK.

Immediately. The ceremony may be performed to-day,—this hour,—and we may leave England to-morrow.—Oh! with what pleaſure do I change my ſtate, and leave this barbarous country to attend *the Sophini* to Italy!

Farewel, Old England! liberty! *et tutto!*
Hail foreign climes! and marriage *ben venuto!*

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Temple walks.

Enter OLD MASK.

So———ſo———ſo! tricked, cheated, impoſed on, fooled and bamboozled by an ungracious rogue of a ſon!—a young knave! with his letters about ſpecial arguments at Weſtminſter, and trials at Guild-hall,—and his ſtories of circuits and ſeſſions,—and his jargon from Plowden and Coke.———Ods-my-life!

life!—I am in ſuch a paſſion, I could knock down every man I meet with for very anger.——

Enter FREEMAN.

FREEMAN.

Bleſs me! is not that old Mr. Maſk?——— Your ſervant, Sir! you're welcome to town.

OLD MASK.

O your ſervant, Sir! Your moſt humble ſervant! ———So your friend George is ruined, I find.—George, Sir———your old crony, and ſchool-fellow———George is undone.

FREEMAN.

Heaven forbid!

OLD MASK.

What? you know nothing of the matter, hey! ———you're not acquainted with the pranks he has play'd———Not you—to be ſure!——Here have been rare doings! Fine ſtudies at the Temple! ———A new abridgement of the law!———

FREEMAN.

So all's out, I find.——Pleaſe to explain, Sir!—Have you ſeen your ſon?—have you been at his chambers?

OLD MASK.

Chambers! chambers, d'ye call them?——Kennels, dog-holes.——I purchaſed him a handſome ſet of chambers in King's Bench Walks,—as handſome as any in the Temple—Ay, and furniſhed them as handſomely.——But the young man is removed, I find:—and where?—why, into a blind alley,——a dark corner of the Inns of Court, up four pair of ſtairs,—into a couple of vile ſhelving garrets, where I could ſcarce ſtand upright, or find a chair

a chair to ſit down——with a worſe ſmell than the county gaol,—and a beautiful proſpect into White Friars.——And then his ſtudy! A hundred and fifty pounds worth of law books—I gave him—all neatly bound in white calf's ſkin,—gone!——The duce a law book has he in the world——but Littleton's Tenures in *duodecimo*, and the Game laws ſewed in blue paper,——which, with an odd volume of Triſtram Shandy, ſome looſe pamphlets and news-papers, and ſix or ſeven ſhelves of empty bottles, make up the whole of his library.——An extravagant profligate!——

FREEMAN.

Ha! ha, ha!——I ſee, ſir, you have taken an exact inventory of his effects.—But this is nothing.——Almoſt every young fellow falls into diſtreſſes one time or other.——An over-provident father makes a prodigal ſon.——You kept him too bare of money—you did, indeed, ſir!

OLD MASK.

Money!——did not I give him a profeſſion? did not I put him to the law?——Ods-my-life! the riches,——that by pains and application, he might have got by his profeſſion——

FREEMAN.

His profeſſion! ha, ha, ha! that's incomparable.——His profeſſion! Ah, my dear ſir, the profeſſion and he will never be a whit the better for each other.——The law is a noble ſtudy, it is true,——followed by ſeveral learned and worthy men.——

OLD MASK.

A ſure road to wealth and preferment.——

FREEMAN.

Very true, ſir,—but your ſon could as ſoon bring himſelf to take a purſe upon the road, as follow the road to riches, which you have chalked out for him.

OLD MASK.

Never tell me,——I know that with his talents, he might have done what he pleaſed.—George has lively parts.——An abandoned profligate!——to ru n himſelf!—-And was always a ſmart lad,—a keen—ſhrewd young rogue!—-A fool to throw himſelf away!——and might have got into practice and high reputation, and made a fortune by his profeſſion.

FREEMAN.

Never! take my word for it. It is not his turn ——not in the leaſt his talent.——Diametrically oppoſite to his genius and diſpoſition——Lively parts! a fine notion!——as if, becauſe he can diſtinguiſh black from white, he ſhould be able to confound black and white with each other.

OLD MASK.

He has ruined himſelf by his idleneſs and extravagance. Ah, what a proſpect has he loſt! Had he ſtuck to his ſtudies, and made a figure at the bar, we might have got him a ſeat in parliament,——and then of courſe a ſilk gown,——and then, by degrees, the ſollicitor-generalſhip,—and then the attorney-generalſhip,——and then a judge —or a chief juſtice,—and then,—ods-my-life,—he might have been as great a man as my lord Coke himſelf.

FREEMAN.

Oh rare! there's the true logick of every father

 in

in the kingdom! There is not a country farmer, who ſends his ſon a ſervitor to the univerſity, but what promiſes himſelf the honour of lawn ſleeves in his family.

OLD MASK.

Well,—well,—it does not ſignify talking.—I'll never acknowledge him as long as I live.—Neglect his ſtudies! his goods ſeized! over head and ears in debt!—a wretch! a vagabond! a prodigal!——

FREEMAN.

Oh! moderate your anger!——If he is in diſtreſs, you'll relieve him; if he has any debts, you'll pay them,—and then all's well again.

OLD MASK.

Me! I'll not advance a penny—let him go to gaol—let him ſtarve—I'll never ſee his face again.

FREEMAN.

You will, I am ſure.

OLD MASK.

Never—I'll diſinherit him—I won't leave him a groat—I'll cut him off with a ſhilling.—He's ruined for ever.

FREEMAN.

He'll make his fortune.

OLD MASK.

He's undone.

FREEMAN.

He's made for ever.

OLD MASK.

He'll be hang'd.

FREEMAN.

He's married.

OLD MASK.

Who! what! when! where! how!——

FREEMAN.

He's married.

OLD MASK.

Married! to whom?

FREEMAN.

To a lady of fortune—rich, young, and handſome—A girl with thirty thouſand in hard money, Mr. Maſk.

OLD MASK.

What! George?

FREEMAN.

Yes, George.

OLD MASK.

George! married!—when?

FREEMAN.

Within this half hour.

OLD MASK.

To thirty thouſand?

FREEMAN.

And better.

OLD MASK.

Indeed!—Well ſaid, George, I'faith.——He's a fine boy——I knew he would do——He was always an arch rogue——But how d'ye know?

FREE.

FREEMAN.

I'm ſure on't—he diſpatched one of my own ſervants to me with the intelligence——My chariot carried them to church.

OLD MASK.

Excellent!—He's a rare fellow—I'll leave him every farthing I have in the world—I'll ſettle—But who is this lady? Where does ſhe live?

FREEMAN.

If you pleaſe, Sir—I'll conduct you to the houſe——perhaps we may arive there before their return——and he ſhall preſent you with your fair Daughter-in-law as a peace-offering.

OLD MASK.

Come along then!——It ſhall go hard but I'll dance at the young rogue's wedding——I'll ſettle five hundred a year on the firſt boy——Did not I tell you he was a ſmart lad, and wou'd thrive in the world?——Ods-my-life—ſtrip him ſtark naked, and throw him into the ſea, he would riſe up again with a ſword and bag-wig. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Hall at* SOPHY'S—— *Muſicians*——*Muſic ſtands—and every thing prepared for a Concert.*

ROSIN.

Come! are the ſcores all right? are you all ready in your parts?

SINGER.

I'm afraid, we're not quite perfect in this ſtrange *Trio* which Mr. Maſk has left with us.

ROSIN.

Strange *Trio*, d'ye call it? Let me ſee———
[*Reads the paper.*

And, alſo, nor, neither,
For, becauſe, or, either;
But, that, although, therefore,
If, yet, unleſs, wherefore.

Very pretty words, and extremely muſical!—Suppoſe you run them over—you'll have time enough.

SINGER.

With all my heart.

The TRIO.

Words by Dr. BUSBY.

Muſic by Mr. BATTISHULL.

And, alſo, nor, neither,
For, becauſe, or, either;
But, that, although, therefore,
If, yet, unleſs, wherefore.

Towards the End of the Song, enter OLD MASK *and* FREEMAN.

OLD MASK.

Ods-my-life! A very handſome houſe—What a magnificent ſide-board of plate in the parlour we came thro'!

FREEMAN.

O! Sir, you'll find every thing agreeable to your wiſhes, and the account I have given you.

OLD

OLD MASK.

But is ſhe ſo muſical? d'ye ſay?——

FREEMAN.

Hiſt! they're here—Let us retire a-while!—

Enter MASK *and* SOPHY.

SOPHY.

Di due belle alme amanti, &c. [*Singing.*

[FREEMAN *advancing.*]

FREEMAN.

How now, Maſk? May we give you joy? You're married, I hope.

MASK.

Ay-ay—faſt enough, Freeman.

SOPHY.

O yes—married in a filthy church without an organ in it——But, Signor Maſquali! d'ye know that gentleman? (*Seeing* OLD MASK, *who advances.*)

MASK.

My Father!——I'll carry it through boldly however. [*Aſide.*] You ſee, my dear, I told you he would be in town. [*To Sophy.*] This is a pleaſure I had not flatter'd myſelf in the expectation of——Give me leave, Sir, to preſent you with this Lady—whom I have juſt now had the happineſs to make my wife, and your daughter.

OLD MASK.

Madam, I give you joy—and my ſon joy—and myſelf joy——I have heard of all your pranks, George; and if you had not overcome me with this

this agreeable ſurprize——Ods-my-life, I ſhould have taken you ſoundly to taſk, I can tell you. [*Apart to Maſk.*

SOPHY.

Well, I proteſt I am glad to ſee ſo much good company.———I have a *Concerto* ready———you will be raviſhed with it———all the airs are of my own compoſition.

OLD MASK.

A Concert!———With ſubmiſſion, Ma'am, a good country dance would make us a thouſand times merrier.———Ods-my-life! give me but a lively partner, and I'll croſs over, and figure in, and right-hand and left till ſix in the morning.—Toll de roll, de roll. [*Singing a dance-tune.*

SOPHY.

O monſtrous! Signor Maſquali, d'ye hear? Is it poſſible this can be a father of your's, and have ſo little *guſto?*

OLD MASK.

His father? Yes, Ma'am, and you'll find him his father's own ſon, I belie——A chip of the old block, I promiſe you.

SOPHY.

Oh! he's the very abſtract of *Vertù*———

OLD MASK.

Yes—yes—George has virtue enough for that matter.

SOPHY.

Vertù——*Guſto*——Muſical Taſte, Sir!

OLD

OLD MASK.

What, George?

SOPHY.

A complete *Conoſcente*———

OLD MASK.

My Son?

SOPHY.

A moſt excellent judge of ſtile and compoſition.———

OLD MASK.

He!

SOPHY.

And a perſon of the niceſt ear in the world.

OLD MASK.

O dear! O dear! Oh dear! What has the young rogue made you believe that he underſtands muſick?

SOPHY.

Oh Sir! I am not eaſily deceived in thoſe particulars. [*Conceitedly.*

OLD MASK.

A ſly dog!——He was always an arch rogue ——ha! ha! ha! ha!———Why, this is all a Bam, Madam!

SOPHY.

A Bam? Sir!——what d'ye mean?

OLD MASK.

The young rogue has play'd on us both, Ma'am! ———Taſte! He knows no more of *Vertù*, as

you call it, than, I find, he does of the Law.—A ſly dog!——Muſick!———He!———why, he has no notion of a tune beyond *Derry down*, or the hundredth Pſalm.———As to ſinging, he has no more muſical notes in his voice than a Cuckow———And the Ear is, I believe, the laſt part of the human frame by which he would chuſe to be diſtinguiſhed.

SOPHY.

Nay now, Sir, you carry your raillery too far. I am too well acquainted with his accompliſhments. Don't I know that he mixt with all the *Virtuoſi* in Italy?——Does not he abominate filthy Engliſh, and idolize dear *Italian?*———And is not he juſt returned from being the object of publick admiration at Rome?

OLD MASK.

Rome! George been at Rome!———What, has he perſuaded you into that too? ha! ha! ha! ha!———An arch dog! [*Laughing heartily.*] Why, Ma'am, he never was out of England in his life.—He knows no more of Rome than the Pope does of my ſeat in Wiltſhire———

SOPHY.

How!

OLD MASK.

And as to Italian, he is not acquainted with twenty words of the language———

SOPHY.

Impoſſible!

OLD MASK.

I tell you, Ma'am, again and again, it's all a Bam upon you——George is an arch rogue, and has been too hard for us both—ha! ha! ha! ha!

[Maſk *winks and makes ſigns to him.*

Ah!——what ſignifies your winking and nodding to me?——Isn't it all true? ſirrah!

SOPHY.

And do you confeſs this charge? Sir!

[*To* Maſk.

MASK.

Guilty, upon my honour! Before marriage, as I ſaw it pleas'd you, I was content to ſeem an Italian; but now, my love, you ſhall find me a true Briton, I promiſe you.

OLD MASK.

Look ye there!—did not I tell you ſo?——ha! ha! ha!

SOPHY.

Nay now, Sir, I ſee you are in jeſt——for I'm convinced that Signor *Maſquali*——

MASK.

Maſquali!——Maſk.——Maſk is my name, my dear!—and your name too—thanks to the parſon.

SOPHY.

Maſk!——I ſhall never bear to be called Maſk——Mrs. Maſk!——Such an unmuſical appellation!——I ſhall never endure it.

MASK.

Yes, yes, you will endure it very well; and a great deal more too, I warrant you.

SOPHY.

Why, ſurely, Signor!———

MASK.

Signor!———I am no Signor.——Mr. Maſk——or, if you pleaſe, George Maſk——an Engliſh Gentleman——worth twenty Marquiſes from France, or Counts from Italy.

OLD MASK.

Ods-my-life! he'll fret her guts to fiddle ſtrings.

SOPHY.

And you are really no *virtuoſo?* not a perſon of *guſto.*———

MASK.

In nothing, Ma'am, but in my paſſion for you.

SOPHY.

Aſtoniſhing!———I ſhall ſtill have one conſolation however———and that a great one———I ſhall have the pleaſure of forming your taſte myſelf———and as a good leſſon———I'll have the *Concerto* performed immediately. Where are all my people? Here *Roſini! Caprice! Scrapelli! Squeekalli!* [*Calling the Singers.*

OLD MASK.

Ods-my-life, the whole kennel!———Silver and Trueman! Sweetlips and Dido!

SO-

SOPHY.

Ah *Tramontani!* what horrible diſcord! nothing but the performance of my *Concerto*———

MASK.

Come, come, my dear Sophy, we'll have no *Concerto*———nothing Italian——We'll celebrate our nuptials after the old Engliſh faſhion———

SOPHY.

What!

MASK.

I'll give away five guineas to the bell-ringers—

SOPHY.

Horrible!

MASK.

All the ſervants ſhall go roaring drunk to bed—

SOPHY.

Monſtrous!

MASK.

And to-morrow morning, my love, you ſhall be rouſed with the drums, and the true Britiſh Serenade of marrow-bones and cleavers———

SOPHY.

Barbarous, and horrible! is this the *Affettuoſo Maſquali?* Is this the tender *Spoſo?*

MASK.

Engliſh! my dear Sophy, ſpeak Engliſh for Heaven's ſake! I can converſe in no other language.

SOPHY.

How am I deceived and impoſed on? And don't you intend to carry me to Italy?

MASK.

To Italy! ridiculous! No, no, my love, we'll ſtay here in the comfortable enjoyment of beef, liberty, and Old England.

SOPHY.

Diſappointed in every thing! deluded! cajoled! coaxed! wheedled into a marriage with a horrid Engliſh———

MASK.

Have a care, Sophy! no hard words to your lord and huſband!

SOPHY.

Huſband! I ſhall faint at the ſound.

FREEMAN.

Have patience, Madam! and reconcile yourſelf to your ſituation! To be laugh'd out of one's follies, is the beſt and moſt agreeable method of being cured of them.

OLD MASK.

Ods-my-life, daughter!———I have a right to call you daughter now———Down on your knees, and thank heaven that you have had ſuch an eſcape! Why it was a thouſand to one but what you had married a fiddler — You have met with one of the archeſt young rogues in the world. I'll anſwer for it, that his fortune ſhall be little inferior to your own.———And I warrant that he will make the beſt of huſbands.

SOPHY.

SOPHY.

Beſt of huſbands, indeed! And deny me the enjoyment of muſick and *Vertù*.

MASK.

That, my deareſt Sophy, ſhall be almoſt the only thing I will deny you. And you will thank me hereafter for oppoſing a foible, which eclipſed your good ſenſe, and ſerved only to make you ridiculous———Nay more, to convince you that I can endure the ſound of an inſtrument—Do but defer your concert till the evening, you ſhall invite what company you pleaſe, and my father may be indulged with his country-dance afterwards into the bargain.

OLD MASK.

Afterwards?——— We'll have a dance now ———Away with your muſic-ſtands and big-bellied baſs-viols, and let the fiddles ſtrike up here, and call in your ſingers to go down the dance with us.

MASK.

With all my heart———But I have more wonders for you.

SOPHY.

What d'ye mean!

MASK.

I'll ſhew you—*Roſini!* [*to Roſin, who advances.*

ROSINI.

Signor!

MASK.

MASK.

Signor!——don't Signor me, puppy. Sophy, do you know this gentleman?

SOPHY.

Nobody better;——it is ſignor *Roſini*.

MASK.

See now, how eaſy it is to impoſe on you. He is as great a cheat as myſelf. This is no ſignor Roſini! but honeſt Jack Roſin, from *Comus* his court;——one of the choice ſpirits,——the chief leader in all MY *concertos*, and by my direction he crept into your pay as ſignor *Roſini*.

SOPHY.

Indeed! I muſt fairly own that this laſt circumſtance mortifies me, and makes me more aſhamed of my muſical attachment than all the reſt.——To be duped by Mr. Roſin, is too palpable a weakneſs not to be repented! But now, Sir, if I conſent to lower my note, (to make uſe of a muſical phraſe once more) may I not hope that you will lower your note too?

MASK.

In every particular that does not hurt your fortune, or injure your character, you ſhall find me the tendereſt and moſt compliant of huſbands. And now, Sophy, do but chearfully reſign this one foible, we ſhall be the happieſt couple in Great Britain.—And though there has been ſome little diſcord between us at firſt, we ſhall agree for the future as well as baſs and treble.——And give me leave to congratulate you, that inſtead of *Signor* MASQUALI, you have got honeſt GEORGE MASK.

THE END.